

is an arbitrary word used to designate the only bow (ring) which cannot be pulled off



It positively prevents the loss of the watch by theft, and avoids injury to it from

IT CAN ONLY BE HAD with Jas. Boss Filled or other watch cases bearing this trade mark— All watch dealers sell them without extra cost, Ask your jeweler for pamphlet, or send to

KeystoneWatch Case Co., PHILADELPHIA.

WINTER AT THE MILL.

The winding lane is filled with snow The cold sky wears a frown; As far as hazy dreamland seems The warm o'erflowing town, And everything is white and chill When it is winter at the mill.

The mill wheel with its marry whir. In ley hands is fast;
No cheery neighbor seeks the door;
No traveler wanders past;
The path is lost across the hill When it is winter at the mill.

The miller reads his almanac And wishes it were spring, When logs come tumbling down

stream, And larks and veeries sing: The whole wide world is blank and still When it is winter at the mill. The miller's wife, sore discontent, Sits by the casement low, And knits and watches the gray smoke

From village chimneys blow,

There is no gossip, good or ill, When it is winter at the mill.

But to the miller's little maid Time hastes on rosy wing.

The fairles she could never find In any haunts of spring Fill all the firelit chimney nock Through magic of a story book. -Susan H. Swett in Youth's Companion.

EXILED.

Gilbert de Saumur had just returned 'to Paris after 10 years' sojourn in America. He had left his country ruined and almost hopeless, a victim to his passion for gambling. He was quite young when he had left France, but he had squandered away a large fortune and so had courageously decided to go into exile and try his luck in a new waynamely, by work! He had started away with £20 in his pocket and had now returned after 10 years' slavery almost a rich man again.

He was once more on the boulevards, once more gazing at the brilliantly lighted shops and at the gay crowd of fashionable loungers who were strolling along apparently without a care in the world. At last, feeling a little tired, he sat down at one of the tables outside a cafe, idly wondering whether any of his former friends would recognize him

Suddenly he felt a hand on his shoulder, and turning round discovered an old acquaintance of his.

De Saumur, is it possible? Why, old fellow, how many years is it since we met, or rather since we parted?" "Ten years, Rouval—just 10 years since I started off with my £20 to try

my luck over the sea." 'And what sort of luck have you had, old fellow?"

"Very fair-better than I expected. I've come back anyhow with enough of

the 'needful' to go along all right now. How have you been getting on all these years?" "Well, I've had some changes, like every one else. I'm married now and

am getting on all right-at least 1 should if I could only leave the confounded cards alone.' 'Take care, Rouval, if you go in for

that still. I ought to have been a warning to some of you. Why don't you give that sort of thing up once and for

"That's easier said than done. What is a fellow to do at the club, and then if once you've won from a man you cannot refuse to let him have his chance, and so you go on. I say, you'll come home with me? I want to hear all about your doings and introduce you to my wife."

'I should like to come very much"-"Well, it's settled then. Now tell me something about your life over yonder. How did you ever get a start?' "Well, I had a bad time at first, I confess. The motto of the country there is 'Every man for himself.' If one cannot hold one's own in the fierce compe tition that is waged, then there is nothing to do but give in and disappear. On the contrary, if you've got some grip in you and can hold on and have got just enough money in your pocket to keep you from starving till you get your foot on the ladder, why, there's a chance for

you. "I stood off at nothing, as I did not know a soul in the whole country. As I knew a good deal about horses, I offered my services as coachman to a New York physician and had the honor of driving him about all day to visit his patients." De Saumur, is it possible?"

"It was, Rouval; that was precisely how I commenced. When I had got used to the life over there and saw how things went, I ventured on other things, and I certainly had good luck, for everything I touched succeeded. As soon

Last June, Dick Crawford brought his twelvemonths old child, suffering from infantile diarrhoeas, to me. It had been weaned at four months old and being sickly everything ran through it like water through a sieve. I gave it the usual treatment in such case but without benefit. The child kept growing thinner until it weighed but little more than when born, or perhaps ten pounds. I than started the father to giving Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoes Remedy, Refore one bottle of the 25 cent size had been need a mark improvement was seen and its continued use sured the child. Its weakness and nunv constitution dissappeared and its father and myself believe the child's life was saved by this Remedy. J. T. Marlow, M. D., Tamaros, III. For sale by D. J. Humph. million dollars in gold weighs 3785.8 rey, Napoleon, Ohio.

as I had scraped a little money together I put it into some shares in a railway mpany, and so I went on until I had made what I considered enough to come back with."

"It's been pretty rough on you, Gil-

"It has, and I don't mind owning it now. The hardest thing of all was to keep myself from gambling away the noney as I made it. It was easy enough to rough it as regards other things, both uxuries and the necessities of life, but it was confoundedly hard to keep away from the gaming tables, which exist there just as much as here. Thank heaven, I did resist though, or I shouldn't be here now."

"Ah, my dear fellow, you won't be long here in Paris before you'll give in to your old habits. What can a man do at the club? But come along. We must start now. I want to introduce you to ny wife."

The two men got up and sauntered along the boulevards to the Avenue de l'Opera, where Jacques Rouval lived. After dinner Rouval took his new found friend into his smoking den, there to indulge in a cigar.

"Do you care to have a look in at the club?" he asked him a little later on. "No. I don't think I do this evening. You know, it is not cheerful after 10 years' absence to return to old haunts which are filled with strangers and to find all those one knows are no longer there, and after the long list you told me about at dinner time it seems to me

there is scarcely any one I know left." Rouval was not very delighted at this decision. He was in the habit of going to the club every evening and spending some hours at the card tables, and it had become so fixed a habit with him that he felt restless and dissatisfied anywhere else. He would like to ask De Saumur to take a hand with him, but under the circumstances he scarcely dared to. He kept casting furtive glances at the little table in the corner of the room, and at length De Saumur, who had noticed his friend's uneasiness and who from experience guessed the cause, suggested himself "that they should just have a round or two at cards to see how much he had forgotten in 10 years."

"But I thought you had quite given up playing for ever and ever?" objected his friend.

"Yes, as a regular habit I have, but it is quite another thing to have a game quietly here like this.' Rouval was only too delighted and pulled the card table out with alacrity.

De Saumur played at first carelessly. He had only proposed it out of con-sideration to his friend, and he felt rather bored. Rouval kept winning and appeared so contented with himself and and such a triumphant manner that De Saumur found himself getting interested and excited in spite of himself. The more he lost the more persistent he became. It was as though the old passion of former days which for 10 years had been kept in control by his strong will had completely got the mastery of him. At first the stakes had been insignificant, but as he continued to lose he became more and more desperate, until at last the amount was getting so serious that Rouval did not wish to continue.

"But as I have been the loser so far," said De Saumur, "you cannot refuse to go on surely!"

"It is not for my own sake, but I don't like it, Gilbert. You are here at my house, and you are playing desper-

"Well, that's my own lookout. It's your turn to cut."

Day was beginning to break, and the table. They had played all night, and now their eves were fiery with excitement, and their hands trembled as they handled the cards. At last Gilbert de Saumur exclaimed,

'There, I cannot go on any more!" Rouval looked at him anxiously thinking that he was ill, but he contin-

"No, I've come to an end, that's all. I cannot go on, because you have won nearly every cent I possess. I'll give you a check on my banker for it, and

hat settles it." A dead silence followed these words. What was to be done? The play had been strictly fair, and Rouval had won it fairly.

"My dear fellow," said Rouval as De Saumur finished writing out the check, "I cannot take it all. Keep something for yourself."
"I have £40 left," replied De Sau-

mur coldly. "That will be enough to get back where I came from. Work is better for me than fortune. I have proved that twice. I thought now I was cured, but it appears I was mistaken. 1 suppose now I shall never see Paris again. Goodby, Rouval."

And he got up, and opening the door took his hat from the peg in the hall and went down stairs, followed by Rouval, who accompanied him to the hall door, and who, when he had closed it after his friend, went back to his smoking den and paced up and down the room until it was broad daylight.

"Very odd," was the verdict at the club the next evening. "Not quite the thing to take everything the poor fellow had worked 10 years for and so send him back to perpetual exile."-Million.

Pertinent Inscriptions.

It is quite an interesting thing to learn that some of our best knowns proverbs and mottoes were originally used in connection with sundials. fore the days of watches and clocks. when dials and sun marks were among the rude means of reckoning time, it was a prevailing custom to inscribe

them. Among the maxims traceable to this source are, "Make hay while the sun shines," "The longest day must end" and "All things do wax and wane."

Sundials spoke the truth, as may be inferred from a historic one which was placed on St. Paul's cross, in London, and which proclaimed, "I number none but sunny hours." This no one will doubt who has had occasion to consult a dial on an overcast day.

A famous dial in Sussex, England, bore four famous mottoes applicable to the flight of time and the brevity of life. They were as follows: "After darkness, light." "Alas! how swift!" 'I warn whilst I move' and "So passes

Another old sundial spoke petulantly about the same subject in the words, 'Sirrah, be gone about your business.' -New York Herald.

A rox of gold is worth \$607,799.21; a ton of pure silver, \$37,704.84; a 1m | pounds; of silver, 58,929.9 pounds. | For sale by D. J. Humphrey, Napoleon. seven days, as the steamship company

HAUNTED.

am haunted, gentle reader, but in such s I do not fear the "specter" one lots.

In which I was unable to devote a Good portion of the feeting hours unto my cheerful "phantom," And I'm "awful sorry" for the folks who have no "ghost" to "haunt" 'em! My little "spook" came down the stair

"haunt" me t'other night
As late I labored o'er a dreary matter.
Through the grim shadows of the hall I caught
a glimpse of white
And heard a tiny slipper's gentle patter,
And presently a baby voice came through the
door to greet me,
"Say, popper, did you fink I wus a gobblun
come to eat ye?"

"Harner's Magazine

nt" me t'other night

-Harper's Magazine.

SHE WAS A HEROINE.

"Tell me about it, Uncle Jerry." He was a character in his quiet way the skipper par excellence of the little

eaport of L-We were great friends, he and I, and many a long summer day had I spent beside the bent old frame, watching his rough fingers mend nets or sails with the deftness grown from long practice and listening to his tales with keen enjoyment.

But there was one incident of his life on which he never touched, nor could any amount of coaxing induce him to approach it.

It had happened while I was in Europe. I found him greatly changed on my return after a six years' absence. This afternoon, for the first time, he

betrayed a willingness to confide in me.

"It were nigh five years ago-the year before the hotel was built. The cove was crowded. It seemed like we all had mor'n we could make comfortable, and the boarders was crowded interold Miss Holt's in a way that did seem wonderful when we heerd how they lived in their big city homes. I hed jest bought a new sailboat, a 50 footer an a reg'lar goer. I calculated ter make a heap out o' pleasure parties an sech-an l did. I tuk the same crowd pretty reg'lar, an in time I got to know 'em well. They was as nice a lot of young things as ever came in my path, but they was carelesslike, an they didn't allays think. "The sailin bothered me. They was

all over the boat at once, an nothin would do but I must larn 'em to sail. "I grew powerful fond of 'em all, but there was one little girl I tuk a special shine to. She wasn't very strongheerd tell she was jest gettin over a fever. She had a sickly look, but you could see she'd been bonny.

"I remember a trick she had of takin off her cap an lettin the wind blow her short hair, an if the day was damp it would curl up tight, an she'd run her fingers through it an pull it out straight to see how it was growin. As I said, she warn't very strong, an when they all got to larkin it seemed like she couldn't stand it, for she'd leave the rest, an with her little polite bow she'd come an say so gentlelike, 'Uncle Jerry, do you mind if I stay here with

"Gradually the rest of 'em kinder forgot her, an by an by she'd come right away from the start, an I got so used to havin her there at my right hand that when she staid home I felt real lonesome. She begged me to larn her how to steer, an when I saw she meant it I showed her one thing and another, an ber. An one day she says to me, 'Uncle Jerry, I believe I could sail a boat two men were still seated at the card as well as any one if I were only stronger.' Bless her heart! I'd have trusted her sooner'n any young feller in the party if she'd had a little more muscle

in her arm. "There was a young feller in the party named Grey. He was a likely chap, about 20, I reckon. He had lots of money, an I heerd from some of the ladies' als that he used to be a great friend o' Miss May's before she was sick, but he was a great sport, an after she begun to go about, an he found she couldn't do things as he did, he jest naturally slipped away from her and tuk to goin

with Miss Julie Webb. "Miss Julie was mighty pretty, with frowserly light bair, a mouth big enough to swallow a doughnut hull, an rows of teeth 'like pearls,' I heard Mr. Grey say. She had a voice like a steam whistle. There warn't nothin she couldn't do except keep still, an bein Mr. Hugh was always doin himself they spent

most of their time together. "Miss May used to watch 'em with that heart breakin look on her dear face. It was the 10th of August. The month had been very hot, and we hadn't had any sailin breeze for four days, but that mornin a nice, stiff breeze begun to come in from the sea. Well, I was settin in my door mendin a sail for my catboat, when I heerd the crowd a-comin. I always knew 'em by Miss Julie's voice. I most generally could hear that by the time they left Miss Holt's door. They had a couple of city fellers down from the city for the day, an nothin would do

but I must take 'em sailin. "I wouldn't have gone, but just at the last minute little Miss May came up an tuk my old brown fist in her two little white paws, an sez she: 'Oh, Uncle Jerry, do go! I'm goin home tomorrow, an I want one more sail, an

this is my last chance." "The tide was runnin out, an the wind was due esst, which made the white caps fly, but I put in a tack and started for the mouth of the bay. Just about the time we got out from under the cliffs the squall struck us, an I saw my mistake. The Foam heeled over till her storm deck was two feet under water. I threw her head up into the wind, but as she came around a cross sea struck her bow, an when I looked for Tom to take in sail Tom was gone. Well, I didn't dare tell them young things what had happened. I looked at little Miss May, an there she sat, her head on her knees, her two little hands over her face somehow she'd never looked so small before. Just then she raised her head

Dr. Hand's Colic Cure in Ohio.

CEDARVILLE, O., May 4th, 1893. I heartily recommend forever Dr. Hand's Remedies for Children. My baby had colic o bad I was almost worn out. A lady friend told me of Dr. Hand's Colio Cure. I bought a 25c bottle and both baby and myself now have sweet and refreshing sleep. also find Dr. Hand's Pleasant Physic of great benefit to myself and child.

Respectfully yours MRS GEO. BOYD. Dr. Hand's Remedies for Children, 25c,

I thought she'd gone clean out of her mind with fear, but it was nothin of the kind, for the next moment she says, still jokin like: 'The idea of Tom's bein such a coward! Hugh, will you an the boys git down the sail for the captain? Tom's below an can't do any-

thing. "Then I knew she knew, an that she paw our danger as plain as I did. The boys sprang for ard, but they hadn't time to reef it, so they jest cut it away an tried to reef the jib instead. The mast bent like a fishpole, an every minute I thought to hear it crack.

"All this time the water was comin over the sides, an little Miss May stood there up to her knees in it, coaxin those great, healthy boys an girls, an scoldin when she couldn't keep 'em quiet with-out it. Then, as the boys turned to come aft, the city feller lost his footin, an over he went after Tom. Mr. Hugh an the other feller just looked at each other, an staggered to their places, an they ran into Miss May. She didn't give 'em time to git more scart. She jest handed 'em two buckets, and said, kinder stern: 'Here, don't be cowards. If we must die, let's die bravely, but in the meantime-work. "They told me afterward that her

grandfather was a famous sea captain that went down standin on the bridge of his ship, an I guess she tuk after him, an it come to the top when it was wanted, 'cause she was cool as a cowcumber. As fast as the others got scared she grew quiet, an her voice, that was so soft and gentle when she used to sit beside me, rang like a bell as she told 'em what to do. We were gettin on now. With that wind at our backs an the racin cut of the Foam we couldn't help it. We were in past the lighthouse, an I begun to think we'd weather it. Just then

there was a report like a pistol, an I

went heelin to leeward with my arm in

flinders. I remember thinkin that was the end o' things, an then I tainted. "When I come to, there was Miss May and Mr. Hugh poldin the tiller with all the'r might. The derned rope I bud used to lash the handle had broke. My arm was painin me jest awful, but I managed to put my well shoulder to the wheel, so to speak, an found I could help considerable. The rope had got pushed about the painter of the dory an was trailin in the water behind. The girls had kinder waked up, all but Mis Julie. She couldn't seem to get over her fear, but sat there as white as a ghost, with her teeth chatterin. I think Mr. Hugh's eves begun to be opened then, for he gave Miss May the queerest look. She met his eyes, an for a moment her bright new color went away; then she turned to me an said, so pitiful: 'Poor Uncle Jerry! Hugh, help me

to lash the rudder again; Uncle Jerry can't stand much more.' "I moved a little over, an they both reached for the rope. The next moment Miss May gave a horrid, groanin cry, an Mr. Hugh was in the water holdin on by the rope. Miss May's face was deathly pale, an she was all bent over in the queerest way-tellin Mr. Hugh to be patient. She didn't seem able to move, an I remember I was sorter cross at the idea of her givin out jest when she was most needed. I called one of the boys, an between us we got Mr. Hugh on board. Miss May all the time leanin more an more over the side, till I feared she'd be over too,'

Uncle Jerry paused to control the quiver in his old voice.

"As we pulled Mr. Hugh on loard there was a sudden jerk, an Miss May somehow she never forgot what I told went over. I saw then what the tronble was. The rope that held the dory was only partly out, an the sudden pull Mr. Hugh had given it had hauled it tight, an drawn Miss May's arms tight across her chest. The pain must have been a wful for when we found her both arms were broken, an there was a great dent across her chest where the breath had been knocked out of her, almost. She knew if she said anything Mr. Hugh would let go, so after that first

cry she never let a sound pass her lips. 'Goodby, Uncle Jerry,' she says. Then she looked at Mr. Hugh, an that look has haunted me ever since, it was so full of love! 'Goodby, Hugh. My dear, dear Hugh, 'she said, an his name as it left her lips was the last sound she made. Then the water closed over, an

she never rose again." Uncle J "ry didn't care to conceal the honest tears that rolled down his cheeks, and something in my own eyes blurred the sea from my vision. Neither spoke for a minute; then I said:

"Did you say they found her?" Uncle Jerry replied gruffly: "I found her myself, after the storm. lvin on a bed of seaweed, that same lovin look on her face. It closed the season at Miss Holt's, an I sold the Foam for \$20 to get her out o' the bay, an l hain't never took a pleasure party since. Guess I won't paint any more terday. And gathering up his brushes Uncle Jerry left me abruptly and started

through the beavy sands for home, while I moved my seat out of reach of the incoming tide and watched his stooping figure till i* vanished in the door of his cabin and meditated on what I had beard, -Frank Leslie's Weekly.

"BEWARE THE BOMB

I was looking over the papers in the smoking room of a Paris cafe. My eye chanced to fall upon the "Echoes of the Stage" column, and I exclaimed aloud: "At it again!"

A Frenchman sitting near me looked up in wonder at my petulant tone, so I hastened to explain, speaking fluently in

very bad French: " 'Round the World In Eighty Days is on the boards again. Will they ever have done with that absurd affair? They seem to think it a feat equal to the la bors of Hercules."

The Frenchman looked shocked. "Phileas Fogg was no better than a tortoise!" I cried boastfully. "I could do much better than he"-

"You can go around the world in less than 80 day 1?" asked my hearer slowly, and I answered in the same tone: "I will go round the world in 70 days

if you like.' "I take you up!" he cried. "What do you bet?" "Five thousand francs." "Done," said I, and we exchanged

cards and bows. That was how it came about that I left Paris for the east on the 5th of January and stepped on board a transatlantic steamer from a New York pier on the 5th of March. So far I had not lost a minute, and now it only remained to be seen whether I should reach Havre in

promised. It would be a close shave at best. A variety of detentions might occur. A slight accident to the muchinery, and all would be lost.

I was nearly consumed with anxiety, but the ship acted up to her reputation, and on the 12th of March I stepped once more on to French soil. I cast the ship a look of gratitude as

she lay at the Havre pier letting off steam

from her monstrous boiler. Then I glanced at my watch. It was 4 in the afternoon. There was plenty time for me to dine at my ease and catch the 6:40 express. That would bring me to Paris at half past 11.

I took out my time table to make sure. As I ran my eye on the column of figures, an inspiration came to me.

'Where's the use of starting this evening?" I said to myself. "If I get there too early, it will look as if I were afraid of losing the wager. How much better to arrive at the very last second with brilliancy and dash and dramatic effect, just as they do on the stage. That would be worthy of a genius! Now, here is a train which leaves Havre tomorrow morning at 6:55 and reaches the St. Lazare station at 11:30. The time fixed for me to meet the fellow at the office of The Semaphore just behind the Stock Exchange is before the first stroke of noon. I can easily go from St. Lazare to the Exchange in eight minutes in a cab, so there is nothing to prevent my appear ing in the nick of time, just as Phileas Fogg did, after making every one's heart palpitate with suspense. That's settled I shall not go on until tomorrow!"

Accordingly I went with my baggage to the best hotel, dined comfortably, took a walk through the town, smoking cigar, and returned at 10 to go to bed. "I must take the 6:55 train tomorrow morning," I said to the hotel proprie tor. "Can you have me wakened in

"We have a trustworthy man on purpose for that work," was the reply.
"That may be," said I skeptically; but, after all, if you could let me have an alarm clock, I would feel more safe. "I will lend you my own, although I ssure you it is unnecessary," said the

host, and accordingly I carried the tiny clock to my room, wound the alarm, set it at 0, stood it on a little table beside the bed and went to sleep with a quiet mind. I was in a heavy slumber when I felt my arm being shaken violently.

"What's the matter?" I grumbled without opening my eyes. "You have only just time, sir," said a voice in my ear.

"Time for what?" I asked, looking up drowsily. "To catch your train," was the reply. I sat up and glanced at the clock. It

was half past 6! Without another word, I leaped from the bed with such precipitation that I threw down the table with the little clock, dashed into my clothes, crowded my few belengings into my trunk frantically, flew down the stairs four at a time, sprang into the stage which was awaiting me, hardly drew breath until I was on the train.

Ouf! What a close squeeze! Two min utes more, and I would have lost my bet. However, ali's well that ends well. I had my ticket; my trunk was on the train; the whistle sounded. I was off for Paris. When I entered the St. Lazare station

the hands of the big clock pointed to

half past 11. I hailed a cab and learned that there was time for me to take my trunk with me. At that moment it appeared in the ms of two norters it with the greatest care. Confound them, how slow they were! What fool ever accused the railway companies of

toward the men, exclaiming: "Be quick now!" I had hardly uttered the words when a heavy hand was laid on my shoulder, and turning round to see the cause of such familiarity I found myself face to face with a gendarme.

handling baggage roughly? I hastened

"What is the matter with you?" I asked in amazement. "Matter enough," replied the man in jeering tone, tightening his hold. "You

Behind the gendarme came two railway officials. They stooped over my trunk solemnly, turned their heads as if listening, then stood up and exchanged a glance, which plainly said, "There is

no doubt of it.' "They are crazy," I thought, but then a horrible conviction flashed through my

Whether the men were sane or not one thing was sure, it was 40 minutes past 11.

At all hazards I must make my escape. I shook myself free of the gendarme's grasp, and knocking over two or three people in my flight dashed madly away, but was stopped by two custom house officers, who seized me by the collar. was dragged, protesting and gesticulat ing, back to where my trunk stood. There was evidently a mistake some-

"Let me go," I cried, "let me go And I swear I will come back in an hour"-

The gendarme's lips described a smile behind his thick mustache as he took possession of me again, this time with both hands. "Come, now, don't try that," said

one of the railway officials. "You may as well confess. You arrived from New York in great haste and under suspicious circumstances. Who are you? What have you in this trunk?" "Clothes, nothing but my clothes,"

answered, speaking worse French than usual in my agitation. "No explosives?" insisted the official. "Explosives! What for? I am not a pyrotechnist nor a chemist."

"Then what is the meaning of this strange noise? Inside your trunk there is a sound of machinery-in short, an infernal machine. Yesterday the London police arrested four American anarchists who had similar articles in their posses sion. You are known to be one of the

gang." I listened in speechless wonder to his words. I looked at my trunk, and my wonder increased to stupefaction as heard a metallic ticktack inside. Suddenly there was a loud report, like a signal for an explosion. "Beware the bomb!" shricked some

one. Officers and porters scattered in all FREE TRADE

Trade your old home and T fully. ard lot in the East for a Red -Letter to Pall Mall Gazette. River Valley farm, where in a few years you gain a competence, which in your old age will be a sure PROTECTION

arrections; and even the gendarme moved away. I alone remained, like a hero. I tore open the trunk and pulled out the clothes in feverish haste. All at once I felt something hard inside a nightshirt, and the next moment drew out and exposed to view a little clock!

I had unknowingly packed up the hotel keeper's property, and it was striking the alarm six hours behind time. "Confound the old turnip!" I cried, throwing it down furiously. I was answered by a loud peal of laughter from

Then, putting my head down, like a wild boar that scents the hounds, I dashed toward the cab again and sprang in, shouting to the driver:

"I'll give you a louis if you get me to Place de la Bourse before noon. Seven minutes and a half later the cab was tearing up to the Stock Exchange. I jumped out, flew up stairs to The like a hurricane and remarked in a sten- was otherwise naharmed.

"Here I am, gentlemen!" The next instant the first stroke of on sounded from the exchange clock -Translated From the French For Ro-

Knights of the Maccabees,

The State Commander writes us from Lincoln, Neb., as follows: "After trying other medicines for what seemed to be a very obstinate cough in our two of ildren we tried Dr. King's New Discovery and at the end of two days the cough entirely left them. We will not be without it hereafter, as our experience proves that it cures where all other remedies fail."—Signed F. W. Stevens, State Com.—Why not give this great medicine a trial, as it is guaranteed and trial bottles are free at D. J. numphrey's Drug Store, Regular size 50c. and \$1.00.

Lightning Removed Her Clothes. Lorsin, O., July 5.- During an electrical storm here yesterday Mrs. Lizzie Grow had Semaphore office, burst into the room all her clothes stripped off by lightning, but

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

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"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the roal nterest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves.' Dr. J. F. KINCHELOR

Castoria

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that recommend it assuperior to any prescription known to me."

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"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."

United Hospital and Dispensary,

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SILVER AND GOLD.

Farewell, my little sweetheart, Now fare you well and free; I claim from you no promise, You claim no yows from me. The reason why?—the reason Right well we can uphold— I have too much of gilver,

And you've too m A puzzle this, to worldlings, Those love to lucre files, Who think that gold to silver Should count as mutual prizel
But I'm not avaricious,
And you're not sordid souled;
I have too much of silver,
And you've too much of gold.

Upon our heads the reason Too plainly can be seen; I am the winter's bond slave, You are the summer's ten. Too few the years you not ber, Too many I have told;

I have too much of silver, And you've too much of gold, You have the rose for token, I have the sobbing vesper, You, morning bells at chime, I would that I were younger (Yet you grew never old)— Would I had less of silver,

But you no less of gold,

—Edith M. Thomas TATTOO THE WEDDING RING.

A British Social Reformer Suggests Branding Both Bride and Groom. DEAR SIR-I wish in all earnestness to make known a suggestion that would save many a broken heart among the sensitive and many a breach of promise case among the mercantile, and would considerably lighten the labors of the police courts and law courts. My suggestion is that every married man and every married woman should have a circle tattooed around the third finger of the left hand in place of or as well as the wedding ring. This would be a sign that could never be taken off or effaced

and would therefore leave a lesser margin for the treacheries and tricks of bigamists and other great and small offense against law, society and individuals. To make this proposition practical and distinctive, of course certain rules would have to be made. For instance, any unmarried man or woman tattooing their third finger to be heavily fined. Every widow and widower to add a distin guishing mark to their ring. Every married man or woman disunited by law to have a bar of erasure across their

wedding ring, and those who marry two or three times to add the extra circles accordingly. The operation of tattooing could with all reverence be performed by an expert in the vestry after the church service, or at the registrar's office for those who only go through the civil ceremony. This tattooing may seem a return to barbarism, but our much vaunted civilization has introduced such numerous aids to deceit that a safeguard and a warning, such as a tattooed wedding ring, would become a practical prevent

ive of much sham, folly and wrong. Only those who have sympathy for un lawful liberty will demur against the idea being realized. I shall be pleased to hear from all who approve of my scheme and are willing to assist in forming a society to influence others in bringing about a custom that would help to insure peace, respect and happiness to many homes and hearts. Yours faith-B. T. KNOLLYS.

Great Erizaio owns 31,000 square miles in Borneo, and so great is the confidence felt in the permanence of the British rule that over 1,000,000 acres of land have been leased for 999 years.

Homestead in North Dakota, Montana and Washington. The last of the public domain of any agricultural value. For publications, and information as to rates, routes, locations, etc., address F. J. Whitney, G. P. & T. A., St. Paul, Minn.

SOMETHING FOR EVERY BODY.

Are You Looking for Land?

Take a trip over the Great Northern to northern Minnesota and North Dakota, and you can satisfy your yearnings. The Red River Valley. yearnings. The Red River Valley, the Devils Lake District and the Turtle Mountain country invite investi-gation and settlement. These localities offer free homesteads, cheap lands and good climate to Eastern farmers who have vainly toiled for years to get ahead and pay off "that little mortgage." It is the country, too, for the grown-up sons to whose sturdy abo r the small Eastern farm no long-

er gives adequate returns.

Are You in Poor Health? The Northwest is one vast sanitari-There is a notable freedom from fogs and raw chilly weather. The bright sunshine and the bracing air put vigor into the steps of men and paint roses in the cheeks of women, with colors not to be found in the drug stores, There are hot springs, too, along the line of the Great Northern, in the West, noted for healing many human ailments.

Are You an Eastern Renter?

Are You a Manufacturer! If you are crowded where you are now, or if raw material is getting scarce, take a look at the Northwest. It is full of resources of woods, clays, minerals, and products of various sorts. There are undeveloped water powers. You can find material and power in close association. The rail-way affords cheap facilities to mar-

The renter generally expends his energies for another. To occupy and begin the cultivation of a homestead means the creaton at once of a property worth a thousand dollars or more, and every year thereafter the equiva-lent of a laboring man's wages back east will be added to the value of the

farm. Are You Looking for Gold, Silver or Copper Rich discoveries are being made Kootenai district of Montana and Idaho, in the Neihart-Barker district of Montana, and in the Chelan-Okano-gan basin of Washington. To reach

these localities take the Great North-

ern Railway. Do You Wish a Business Location?

A region as extensive and so prolific in resources and as full of growing towns and cities as that covered by the Great Northern Railway offers unusual openings for business men. Still chances to get in on the ground

Do You Wish to Ergage in Lumbering?

The linest forests of hard and soft woods to be found in America exist along and in territory tributary to the Great Northern Railway in Minnesota, Montana, Idaho and

Do You Like Stock Raising? The best of opportunities await you in the Northwest. The finest horses, cattle and sheep in America roam over the pasture lands of Minnesota, the Dakotas and Mon tana. The whole country, too, is adapted to the poultry industry.

To be Had for the Asking.